Affliction till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye: that thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man: often would he say
The fiend, the fiend, he led me to that place.

Edg. Bare, free, and patient thoughts: but who comes heere,
The safer sense will nere accommodate his maister thus.

Enter Lear mad.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coyning, I am the King himselfe.

Edg. O thou side piercing sight.

Lear. Nature is aboue Art in that respect, ther's your presse-money. That fellow handles his bow like a Crow-keeper, draw me a clothiers yard. Looke, looke, a Mouse; peace, peace, this tosted cheese will do it. Ther's my gantlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant, bring vp the browne bils. O well flowne birde in the ayre. Hagh, giue the word.

Edg. Sweet Margerum.

Lear. Passe,

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flatter'd me like a dogge, and told me I had white haires in my beard, ere the black ones were there; to say I and no to all I saide: I and no too was no good Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I smelt them out: goe too, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was euery thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-proofe.

Gloss. The tricke of that voyce I doe well remember, ist not the King?

Lear I, euery inch a King: when I do stare see how the subiect quakes: I pardon that mans life, what was thy cause, Adulterie? thou shalt not dye for adultery: no, the wren goes toot, and the small guilded flye do letcher in my sight; let copulation thriue. For *Glosters* bastard son was kinder to his father then my daughters got tweene the lawfull sheets, toot Luxury, pell mell, for I want souldiers. Behold yon simpring dame, whose face between her

her forkes presageth snow,
head, heare of pleasures na
goes toot with a more riot
they are Centaures, thoug
do the gods inherit, benea
darkenesse, theres the sulph
summation, fie, fie, fie, pa
good Apothecary, to swee
thee.

Glo. O let me kisse that
Lear. Here wipe it first,
Glo. O ruin'd peece of n
out to naught, do you kno
Lear. I remember thy e
me: no, do thy worst blin
challenge, marke the penn
Glo. Were all the letter
Edg. I would not take t
at it.
Lear. Read.
Glo. What, with the c
Lear. O ho, are you th
money in your purse? yo
in a light; yet you see hov
Glo. I see it feelingly.
Lea. What art mad? A
no eyes. Looke with thy
yon simple theefe: heark
theefe, which is the Iustic
at a begger.
Glo. I sir.
Lear. And the creatur
behold the great image
Thou Rascall Beadle hol
that whore? strip thine o
her in that kind for whic
cozener, through tattere

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